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POETRY.

Friends are all around us.

Friends are all around us;
Even the little child
Loves the stranger whom he met
Who looked on him and smiled,
Friends are all around us,
If as friends we greet
Those whom in our journeying
Ourselves we meet.

Friends are all around us;
By a kindly word,
By a look of sympathy
The heart's depths are stirred.
Do not all our footsteps
To the same home tend?
Why should not each one of us
Be to each a friend?

Does the pure dew glistening
On the fair wild rose,
Shun the dark unlovely weed
Which beside it grows?
Does the sunbeam, shining
On the stately dome,
Lose its lustre when it rests
On the peasant's home?

If one heart grows lighter
By a word made glad—
If one eye is bright
By a smile and a nod—
If one heart is made glad
By a word and a nod—
Is it vain for us to speak?
Is it vain for us to smile?

One word kindly spoken,
Simple though it be,
Is often sweeter music
In the hour of agony—
One look, kindly given,
When the lips move not,
May be treasured in the heart,
Never to be forgot.

There's an "open sesame"
To each human heart,
At whose magic sound, at once
Freely thrown apart,
Are the close barred portals
Of its deepest cell;
Bidding us in friendship's name
Enter in and dwell.

Friends are all around us;
There's a gentle tone,
Whoso'er we wander
Answering to our own.
Do not all our footsteps
To the same home tend?
Why should not each one of us
Be to each a friend.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.—My Friends—

Always have something to do—keep busy either at work or at play—maintain cheerful dispositions and you will find ours as good a world as ever grew people and potatoes. Lazy folks are the ones that find fault with the world; they lie and lounge about till they get dusty, and rusty, and consequently crusty.

My hearers—the world wasn't made in a day, nor was it made yesterday; it was made a long time ago, and great pains were taken in the building of it—so much so that you can't better it; and you might as well cease your grumbling now, before you are pushed out of it, perchance into a worse one. Listen to me: when you find yourself inclined to fret at the world, scold at your spouse, kick the dog, tread on the cat's tail, cuff the children, and find fault with every thing, you may just consider that something is wrong under your own jackets, that all you want is to take a good dose of the pills of contentment upon going to bed, and you will wake up in the morning with a light heart, and look out upon about as pleasant a world as ever hope, fancy or imagination set eyes upon. Yes,

Then were the world a pleasant world,
And pleasant folks were in it;
The day would pass most pleasantly
To those who thus begin it.
And all the troubles of the world
Brought on by borrowed troubles,
Would prove, as certainly they are,
A mass of empty bubbles.

VALUE OF NEW MEXICO.—The following Letter, from an officer in the Santa Fe army, will give the public some idea of the value of the province recently annexed, by proclamation, to the United States. It may be proper to add that the paper from which it is copied is a devoted friend of the Administration.

Correspondence of the St. Louis Union.

SANTA FE, August 22, 1846.

"We arrived here on the 18th inst., and took possession without resistance. We are all doing well; we have had three or four days' rest, and are beginning to want something to do. On Monday next we will commence the erection of a fort in this place; a beautiful selection has been made, and I have no doubt one will be constructed that will astonish the natives. I confess I do not see the importance of this fortification. In my opinion the whole country, from the Crossing of the Arkansas to this place, is not worth what it has cost the Government to march the troops here. No man who has not visited this region can form any idea of the character of the country. Never has a nation been so completely humbugged about any thing as the United States have been about this province. I am candidly of the opinion that General Kearney would do his country much service by abandoning the expedition and returning to the United States. I am fully persuaded that if the President and Congress knew as much about the state of things here as we do, no effort would have been made to acquire it. I have discovered that every man we have met or seen since we left the States has exaggerated the accounts of this country. It appears that there is something in the atmosphere that creates a propensity to lie. I would therefore advise you to pay no attention to what you may learn from those who have visited this city or the mountains."

MEXICO.—A writer in the New York Telegraph, who signs himself "M," furnishes the following leaf in the history of Aaron Burr, which we now peruse for the first time. It will be read with interest.

Every information that can be obtained in regard to Mexico, at the present time, is desirable, and anxiously sought for and published. The department of State at Washington, if the files are examined, are in possession of a great deal of information in regard to Mexico, which might be useful at this time.

Under the impression that in consequence of the rapid and constant changes of clerks and officers in the department, which have taken place, the present clerks may not know of the existence of the papers to which I refer, I beg leave to refresh their memories, by stating the following circumstances:

After the arrangement, trial and acquittal of Colonel Burr, it is well known that gentleman went to France. That long prior to his going, he had very assiduously searched for and obtained all kinds of information that was deemed useful or necessary to a successful invasion of Mexico, which he had long contemplated.

These papers and documents he took with him to France. Whilst at Paris Col. Burr requested an interview with Bonaparte, proposing an invasion of Mexico, and offering to take a command in the proposed expedition. Bonaparte declined a personal interview; but, through the Secretary of War, Col. B. was informed the Emperor would receive any written communication he was disposed to make. After some deliberation, and a delay of three months, Col. B. sent in a proposition, accompanied by a voluminous memoir, detailing all the advantages to be derived by an invasion of Mexico. This memoir contained an accurate description of its geographical position, military resources—its roads, rivers, mountains, defiles, and points suitable for defence. The mode and directions in which it was to be attacked—the routes to be avoided—the places proper to secure and fortify—the resources for sustaining the army—the use that might be made of the mines—their relative position, production, and every other matter useful and necessary to be known and understood by an invading General.

After this "memoir," a proposition was received. The Government of France deliberated upon it, and referred it to a "Council of War." In the meantime, Gen. Armstrong, our Minister, then resident at Paris, by some means "got wind" of what was going on, and had tact enough to acquire a thorough knowledge of Col. B's plans. By his remonstrances, Bonaparte was induced to decline their acceptance or adoption. And in the sequel Gen. Armstrong frustrated all the arrangements of Col. Burr, who was, in consequence, obliged to leave France. At all events, he deemed his longer stay in Paris unavailing.

After Col. B's departure, copies of all these papers, maps, plans, and documents, presented to Bonaparte, were obtained by Gen. Armstrong, and transmitted to the Secretary of State at Washington, where I have no doubt, if search be made for them, they may be found.

I have never seen any notice or allusion to these papers, in any work or document published in the United States. Mr. Gallatin probably saw them, and may remember something about them.

The writer has his information from the late Count St. Sauri D'Angely, the former Attorney-General of France, (who resided

during his exile many years in this city,) and once, at the time alluded to in the confidential counsellor and devoted friend of "Napoleon." I respectfully suggest to the Secretary of War, the propriety of causing a search to be made for these papers, satisfied they will be found useful and important to him, in conducting the present war with Mexico. M.

ARRIVAL OF RECRUITS.—One hundred recruits for the first regiment of dragoons, with their horses, arrived yesterday on the steamer Julia, from St. Louis, and will proceed to the Rio Grande immediately. They are under the command of Capt. Kearney, a relative of Gen. Kearney, and the recruits and horses are not to be surpassed by any in the service. In the selection of the horses, taste and judgment have been exercised. They are all of one color, an iron grey, and appear to have both speed and bottom.

N. O. Bulletin.

N. P. WILLIS, Esq.—We learn, says a New York paper, that this gentleman is a bout to be connected with the New York Tribune, as its literary editor. We congratulate the conductors of this spirited journal, as well as the public, on this movement, as it will tend to add to the present reputation of the paper, and afford a wide field for the diffusion of Mr. Willis' delightful writings.

THE "CAMEL" AND THE "NEEDLE'S EYE." Lord Nugent, in his recent publication, "Lands Classical and Sacred," has given an application of these words which at once proves the fitness of the expression for the object our Saviour had in view. Lord Nugent describes himself as about to walk out of Babylon through the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camels approaching, desired him to go through "the eye of the needle; in other words, the small side gate. This his Lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory of our Saviour's words: for he adds, the sumpter camel cannot pass through, unless with great difficulty, and stripped of his load, his strappings, and his merchandise.

DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK.—We take from the Matamoros Flag of October 1st, the following interesting account of a shipwreck reported to us on her late arrival at New Orleans.

The J. L. Day reports having fallen in with, to the westward of the S. W. Pass, the schooner Louise Antoinette, bottom up, and judged all hands lost. The Louise Antoinette sailed hence for New Orleans some weeks ago, and had on board a number of sick volunteers, returning to their homes.

THE GREAT WESTERN.—The Great Western was to have sailed on the 8th, on her regular trip. She takes out between seventy and eighty passengers, among whom are Mr. Bancroft, our new Minister to England, with his family, and General Armstrong, the American Consul at Liverpool.

NEW READING.—The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times gives the following new reading of Shakespeare: Who steals our purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas ours, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands. But he who steals our editorials, Robs us of that he cannot write himself, And makes us cut him dead.

A GRAND SPECULATION.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says: At Coney Island Pavilion, last Thursday, near \$1200 was taken for refreshments—mostly chowder, at a shilling a plate, and drinks at 1d. and 1s. The place was leased last April from the township of Gravesend, by a couple of our citizens, who had scarce a second dollar to help themselves with, for 21 years, at \$10 a year. They get back \$30 a year from the steam boats, for permission to make landings at their dock. Last Thursday the steamboat owners offered them \$20,000 cash for their lease—\$13,000 in hand, and the balance in one and two years. The offer was refused. This is the way in which some tumble into fortune.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.—We learn says the New York Telegraph, that Mr. Francis Dixon, of Lynn, have made a most important improvement in the art of gunnery. It is equally adapted to pistols, muskets, rifles, and cannon; and by its application balls may be discharged at the rate of thirty or forty in a minute. By the simple movement of a handle a cannon may be made to load, prime, ignite, and discharge with equal facility whether advancing or retreating. In short, it is one of the greatest improvements ever made in the art of gunnery, and must put great power into the hands of the nation possessing it. One of the best rifle-makers in the country, Mr. Whitmore, who understands the principal upon which it acts, pronounces it inconceivably before any thing of the kind ever presented to the public. We understand Mr. Dixon has secured his invention by a patent, and has taken measures to secure the same in England, France and Russia. He will probably dispose of it to our own government, and will doubtless realize a fortune out of it.

Ups and Downs.

From Arthur's Magazine.

MA, who is that girl you have hired to sew?" asked Eveline Marshall, as she took off her things, after having been out all the morning making some visits. Her tone, and the expression of her face, both partook of the real feeling of contempt that was in her heart for the young seamstress who had been engaged to do some work for her mother.

"Her name is Grace Williams," replied Mrs. Marshall, turning her eyes with a quiet, steady, half-reproving look upon her daughter's face.

"Well—I don't like her. That I'll say at once."

"You don't know her, Eveline."

"I know as much of her as I wish to know."

"Have you seen her before?"

"I believe I have. I think she is the same girl I saw once at Mrs. Eldridge's. But I'm not certain. I never notice such persons very particularly."

"What reason have you for not liking her? You have had no opportunity to know whether she possess good or bad qualities."

"She looks too much like a lady for my use."

"Just what I have reason to believe she is."

"That's you, my, you are always seeing the lady in this or that seamstress or kitchen maid."

"And the lady may be found in either of these classes," was gravely replied.

"I'm too old to believe that doctrine now," returned Eveline, tossing her head, and slightly curling her lip.

"Perhaps, before you die, you may not only find out that it is true, but be very thankful that even in the humbles walks of life are to be found those who possess hearts of the finest tone. I have often of late, heard you use the word lady in a sense that makes me think you do not rightly understand its meaning. What, in your mind, constitutes a lady?"

Eveline did not reply.

"Do you think money can make a lady?"

"No, I do not. I'm sure Mrs. Eberle is rich enough; but you don't see much of the lady about her."

"It is. People go up one side of the wheel to-day, and down the other side to-morrow. I think you will be pleased with Grace. She is industrious, and very modest, and retiring in her manner."

No doubt-I will. Can you, without inconvenience, send her word that I would like to see her to-morrow."

"Certainly. I will do so with great pleasure."

Mrs. Marshall went home, thinking about the great change that a few years had wrought in the condition of the young girl, and then her thoughts went involuntarily to her daughter, Eveline.

"Ily indeed could she bear such a reverse," she said to herself, and then sighed heavily.

On the next morning Grace came and was very kindly received by Mrs. Marshall who was prepared to like her. The girl's appearance inspired her with an instant respect. She was slightly above the ordinary height, was delicately formed, and had a sweet, positive face that no one, it seemed to Mrs. Marshall, could look upon without feeling a sentiment of regard. Her manner was slightly reserved, yet self-possessed,—her words few, but well chosen. The directions given by Mrs. Marshall in regard to what she wished her to do, Grace readily comprehended, and was busily at work in half an hour after she had entered into the house.

Eveline Marshall, while preparing to go out in order to make a few calls on gay young friends, passed several times through the room where Grace was at work, but did not speak to her, nor indeed seem conscious of her presence. She observed her, however, with what feelings the reader already knows. She uttered them freely to her mother, after she had made her morning calls. A short time before dinner was ready, Eveline sought her mother, and said to her abruptly,

"You are not going to ask that girl to eat at the first table?"

"Why should I not do so, Eveline?"

"Why not let her eat with the chamber maid and nurse? She is no better than they are."

"So far as goodness of heart is concerned she may be no better. But her education, habits of thinking, and manner, elevate her, externally, above them; or, to speak more correctly, fit her for the society of those who are well educated, and polished in their modes of social intercourse. Grace is not like Phoebe and Hannah; they would not feel at ease in her society, nor she in theirs. Would it, then, be right for us to do violence to both? I think not."

"Well educated! Polished, and all that! Of whom are you speaking, mother? Not of that sewing girl?"

"Yes, of Grace Williams. She is all that I have said."

"Who is she, pray?"

"The daughter of one, who not many years ago, was a wealthy merchant of our city. He lost his property and died, leaving his family in want."

"And now his daughter goes out a seamstress! I don't think she can have much respect for the memory of her father?"

Eveline!

Things at length became desperate with Mrs. Marshall. Her money was nearly all gone. In a state of deep discouragement of mind she sat one day leaning her head upon her hand, with her eyes upon the floor. The attitude of her mother arrested the attention of Eveline. She looked at her for some time. The half concealed face was yet clearly enough seen for Eveline to see that it wore a most sad expression. For almost the first time she began to consider her mother—to think of her sufferings instead of her own. The change in her feelings had scarcely taken place, when she perceived a tear slowly stealing down her mother's face. This thrilled her with sympathetic pain. Almost involuntarily she passed to her mother's side, and drawing her arm around her neck, and said while the tears flowed freely over her own cheeks,

"Dear mother! Do not feel unhappy! Let us try to be contented."

Mrs. Marshall started, and looked up in surprise.

"Ah, my child!" she said after a pause. "I am afraid that I cannot be contented. It is hard with me—"

All was silent for a long time. During this silence the thoughts of Eveline were busy. She felt that she had not regarded her mother as she should have done. That she should have borne some of the burden imposed upon them by their new and changed condition. That she should have shared her feelings and confidence. All this passed rapidly through her mind. When she at length spoke, her voice was low and tender.

"Speak out plainly to me, mother," she said, "I have been a selfish creature, until now, brooding over my disappointments, and dreaming over my own sad condition. I have not felt for you and thought of you as I should. But now I am ready to help you with all your burdens, and my portion of all your care. Talk to me, plainly, then. Tell me all your troubles."

After her feelings had subsided, Mrs. Marshall entered into a free conversation with her daughter, and explained to her that, unless they could devise some means of earning money, they would, in a little while, be without food to eat. Such a revelation shocked the feelings so deeply, and put to a severe test her newly awakened affection for her mother.

"What is to be done?" That was the often repeated, but unanswered question.

For two or three days, no means of earning money presented itself. But the necessity of the case required that something should be done.

"I would willingly take in sewing, if I could get it," said Eveline. "But to whom can I go? To some of our old friends? Indeed I cannot do that."

"Not to Mrs. Lamb?"

"O no, mother." And her eyes filled with tears. "I cannot go to any of our old acquaintances for work. If I must do so, let me go among strangers."

"I do not ask you to go at all, Eveline. But if you can feel it to be right to do so, I shall not object."

"I tell you what I have been thinking, mother."

"What, my child?"

"Have you ever noticed the lady who lives in the large house, opposite?—Mrs. Watson?"

"I have seen her at the window and door several times."

"So have I. And I have always thought there was something good hidden about her. I would rather call and ask her if she could give me some work, than any one I know."

"I believe she would treat you kindly. Her face always looks to me like the face of an old friend."

"I am sure she would. If you approve, I will go over to-morrow."

"I cannot object. We are too closely straitened to hesitate. Go, and may you be strengthened in your path of duty."

On the morning, shortly after breakfast, with a trembling and shrinking heart, Eveline crossed the street, and knocked at the door of the house opposite. She asked for Mrs. Watson and was shown by the servant into the parlor. In a little while a young, plainly dressed woman, with a gentle smile beaming from her face, entered the room. Eveline rose. Her heart was throbbing violently. She tried to speak; but could not articulate a word.

"Sit down," said Mrs. —, "in a mild, encouraging tone. "You wish to see me?"

"Yes ma'am," said Eveline after a strong effort to subdue her feelings. "I have called to ask if you had any plain sewing you wish done? Or can you find needle work."

The lady thought for some moments, and then said,

"I would like for some one to come into my family for a few weeks, and sew for me. Are you used to sewing for families?"

The color rose to Eveline's face.

"No," she faintly replied.

"Can you cut and fit plain dresses?"

"No ma'am. I am afraid I won't suit you. But I should like to try."

There was something in the appearance

and manner of Eveline that interested the lady.

"I am willing to give you a trial," she said, "Perhaps you can do all I desire. Where do you live?"

"Directly opposite."

"Ah! You occupy rooms."

"Yes, ma'am. My mother and myself."

"Indeed! What is your name?"

"Several moments passed before Eveline replied, then she said in a low voice,

"Marshall."

"Marshall!" repeated the lady with a thoughtful face. And then she looked steadily at Eveline. Her cheek flushed, and her eye brightened.

"You can come, if you feel willing," she said. "I have no doubt but you will suit me very well."

"When shall I come?"

"To-morrow, if you please."

"I will be over in the morning," replied Eveline, rising.

"Very well. I shall be ready for you."

Eveline turned away and left the house, her bosom oppressed with a heavy weight.

She liked the manner of the lady very much. She was kind and talked to her, not as a superior, but with a thoughtful and, it seemed to her, almost tender regard for her peculiar situation.

That night she dreamed sweeter dreams than had blessed her slumbers for months.

But, when she awoke, and thought of going out in the capacity of a seamstress, her heart trembled, and sunk in her bosom.

Reflection, that wise reflection which misfortune often brings, soon brought back the balance to her mind. She dreaded less to go out, because the lady who had engaged her seemed so kind, and gentle, and considerate. And yet she feared that she might not suit her.

Vividly came up before her mind, at this time, the image of the young girl whom she had despised and rudely treated, years before, because she was a seamstress, and had the air of one above the condition she occupied. And she remembered, that her mother had said, that the father of this very girl had once been a rich merchant, who failed in business, and left his child an orphan and penniless. She felt pained at her thoughtless conduct, and pained for the poor girl, whose feelings she must have deeply wounded.

But few words passed between her and her mother, on the subject of her going out. Both shrunk from alluding to it.

While Mrs. Marshall and her daughter sat, silent, at their poorly furnished table, there were seated at breakfast in the stately mansion opposite, the lady who had engaged Eveline, her husband, and a little boy not over three years of age. Each face wore a happy look.

"You remember the Marshalls," said the lady, turning her eyes upon her husband.

"Yes. What of them?"

"Did Mr. Marshall fail in business?"

"Yes, and died, soon after, not worth a dollar."

"What became of his family?"

"I am sure I do not know. They sunk into obscurity, no doubt, among the thousands who drag on their lives unnoticed and unthought of by the many whose lots are cast in earth's pleasanter places. As for the daughter, Eveline, she deserved no better fate. She was a proud, vain creature."

"No doubt adversity has had a good effect upon her."

"It may have had grace. But I doubt it. Adversity found few materials in her, to work upon. Do you remember, how, in your days of adversity and trial, she acted towards you, when humbly seeking to sustain yourself by working for her mother?"

"I do. But that has been forgiven long ago."

"But not forgotten by me."

"Dear husband! Do not speak so."

Mrs. Watson said, with a deprecating look.

"The poor girl has repented of all that long ago. Life's reverses teach us to think more humbly of ourselves. Do you know, that Eveline herself called her yesterday just after you went out in the morning, to ask if I had any plain sewing to give her?"

"-Grace! It is possible!"

"Yes. Poor creature! She looked deeply dejected, and trembled so that she could hardly speak. Doubtless, it was her first effort to get work."

"Did she know you?"

"I believe not. It is more than probable she has never heard of the poor sewing girl's good fortune, in meeting with one who could love her for herself alone, and who was willing to lift her from her obscurity, and place her by his side."

Mrs. Watson's eyes glistened as she said this.

"She called upon you as a stranger?"

"Yes."

"Do you engage her?"

"I did. Not for her mother's sake could I have felt towards her any resentment. Her mother was in every sense of the word a lady; and I could see, was pained at the manner of her daughter towards me."

"Strange reverse!" said Mr. Watson, in a musing tone. "Who can tell what a day may bring forth?"

"None of us. And for this, if for no higher reason, we should be considerate of those whose external blessings are not so great as our own."

Shortly after breakfast, Eveline came over. Mrs. Watson received her very kindly. After making a few enquiries about her mother, she gave her some work to do, and left her alone.

Mrs. Marshall could not restrain her tears, as she saw Eveline quietly put on her things, and go from the room without speaking. She knew that her child's heart was full. That the trial was, well, more than she could bear. She was sitting in a thoughtful mood, half an hour after her daughter had gone out, when there was a tap at the door. She arose and opened it. A familiar face met her enquiring look.

"Mrs. Marshall, how do you do?" And a lady, plainly dressed, stepped in.

The voice and face were those of an old friend. But who was the visitor? Memory was not long at fault.

"Grace!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, quickly extending her hand. "Grace Williams! I am glad indeed to see you."

"And I am glad to see you, though grieved that it is not so well with you as it was formerly. But he who tempests the winds to the storm, will not let them visit you, I trust; too roughly. I did not know that you lived here, or I should have been in to see you long ago."

"Do you live near?"

"Yes. Directly opposite."

"You do? In the family of Mrs. Watson?"

"Yes."

"Then you saw Eveline; for she went there this morning."

"I did. Poor Eveline! It must have been a hard trial for her."

"It was. Did you speak to her?"

"Yes."

"Did she know you?"

"I think not."

"What kind of a woman is Mrs. Watson?"

"I think you know her."

"Me? I cannot remember. Who was she?"

"Before she married, her name was—Grace Williams."

Mrs. Marshall started as if electrified.

"Is it possible? And you are Mrs. Watson?"

"Yes. I was married in less than a year after I was at your house, to Mr. Watson, for whose mother I sewed as I did for you. He was rich and I was poor. But he did not regard the difference. Heaven has blessed me and I am humble and thankful. Truly can I say, that I have been led by a way which I knew not."

Mrs. Marshall was overpowered with surprise. After a brief silence, Mrs. Watson resumed.

"Your considerate kindness towards me while I was an inmate of your house, I have never forgotten. I have often thought of you and often asked about you. With your husband's full approval, I have now called to ask you to become a member of our family. Your experience and wisdom will be invaluable aids to me in the performance of my many duties, and I think that Eveline will not find the tasks imposed upon her too burdensome. She can have constant employment in my house, so that she need not feel dependent, nor yet be compelled to go from family to family, as I have had to do. I know how hard a trial that is to a sensitive mind."

With a gush of feeling, Mrs. Marshall accepted the kind offer. When Eveline knew the whole truth, she was deeply humbled. But it had a salutary effect upon her. With a quiet, subdued air, she daily performed her allotted duties; and rising in truer rational states. She was not so gay a girl as when dancing in the circles of pleasure, but she was wiser, and her spirit was calmer. She knew better—far better—the meaning of the word, peace.

A year afterwards she could feel and acknowledge that it was good for her to have been sorely tried. She was more truly happy, because she was acting a useful part in life, than ever she had been before. And here we will leave her. We do not know that she will, like Grace, meet with some rich husband, to lift her back again to her old condition in life. But this does not matter. If she will continue to be useful to others, she will have her measure of happiness in any condition.

George Wilson.—A few years since, as the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary first sight appearance, but whose fine, intelligent eye fixed the gentleman's attention. As the boy inquired, "Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him, and learn to read?" "Whose boy are you and where do you live?" "I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the workhouse because they will not teach me to read." The reverend gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates, by his faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary after a while that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighborhood. There, the same integrity won for him the favor of associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room finished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in the mathematics, in the French language and other branches.

After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family, one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France. "Go to France!" said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation. "For what?" "Ask Mr. Gallaudet to go to-morrow evening," continued George, "and I will explain." His reverend friend was invited accordingly, and at ten o'clock the apprentice presented himself with his manuscript in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France. "In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French government for the simplest rule for measuring plain surfaces of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered." He then demonstrated his problem to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to Hon. Lewis Cass, then our Minister at the Court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the king, nobles, and plenipotentiaries, the American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the prize, which he had won by his own efforts.

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friend. But who was the visitor? Memory was not long at fault.

"Grace!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, quickly extending her hand. "Grace Williams! I am glad indeed to see you."

"And I am glad to see you, though grieved that it is not so well with you as it was formerly. But he who tempests the winds to the storm, will not let them visit you, I trust; too roughly. I did not know that you lived here, or I should have been in to see you long ago."

"Do you live near?"

"Yes. Directly opposite."

"You do? In the family of Mrs. Watson?"

"Yes."

"Then you saw Eveline; for she went there this morning."

"I did. Poor Eveline! It must have been a hard trial for her."

"It was. Did you speak to her?"

"Yes."

"Did she know you?"

"I think not."

"What kind of a woman is Mrs. Watson?"

"I think you know her."

"Me? I cannot remember. Who was she?"

"Before she married, her name was—Grace Williams."

Mrs. Marshall started as if electrified.

"Is it possible? And you are Mrs. Watson?"

"Yes. I was married in less than a year after I was at your house, to Mr. Watson, for whose mother I sewed as I did for you. He was rich and I was poor. But he did not regard the difference. Heaven has blessed me and I am humble and thankful. Truly can I say, that I have been led by a way which I knew not."

Mrs. Marshall was overpowered with surprise. After a brief silence, Mrs. Watson resumed.

"Your considerate kindness towards me while I was an inmate of your house, I have never forgotten. I have often thought of you and often asked about you. With your husband's full approval, I have now called to ask you to become a member of our family. Your experience and wisdom will be invaluable aids to me in the performance of my many duties, and I think that Eveline will not find the tasks imposed upon her too burdensome. She can have constant employment in my house, so that she need not feel dependent, nor yet be compelled to go from family to family, as I have had to do. I know how hard a trial that is to a sensitive mind."

With a gush of feeling, Mrs. Marshall accepted the kind offer. When Eveline knew the whole truth, she was deeply humbled. But it had a salutary effect upon her. With a quiet, subdued air, she daily performed her allotted duties; and rising in truer rational states. She was not so gay a girl as when dancing in the circles of pleasure, but she was wiser, and her spirit was calmer. She knew better—far better—the meaning of the word, peace.

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The Columbian, a New York Magazine, is the following translation from a Mexican poet, Fern Cruz. The verses have much poetical merit:

"RIO BRAVO."

A MEXICAN LAMENT.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Saw men ever such a sight?
Since the fields of Roncevalles
Sealed the fate of many a night.

Dark is Palo Alto's story,
Sad Resaca Palma's Route,
On those fatal fields so gory,
Many a gallant life went out.

There our best and bravest lances,
Shivered 'gainst the Northern steel,
Left the valiant hearts that couched them
North the Northern charger's heel.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Minstrel ne'er know such a sight,
Since the fields of Roncevalles
Sealed the fate of many a night.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Saw ye not, while red with gore,
Terrible all headless quiver,
A ghastly trunk upon thy shore.

Heard ye not the wounded couriers
Striking on your trampled banks,
As the Northern winged artillery
Thundered on our shattered ranks.

There Arista, best and bravest,
There Raguena, tried and true,
On the fatal field thou layest,
Nobly did all men could do.

Vainly there those heroes rally,
Castle on Moztuma's shore,
"Rio Bravo"—Roncevalles—
Ye are names blent evermore.

Westest thou lord lady Izaz,
For thy lover 'mid the plain,
Brave De Vega's trenchant falchion
Cleft his slayer to the brain.

Brave La Vega, who all lonely,
By a host of foes beset,
Yielded up his sabre only
When his equal there he met.

Other champions not less noted,
Sleep beneath that sullen wave;
Rio Bravo thou hast floated
An army to an ocean grave.

On they came those Northern horsemen
On like eagles toward the sun,
Followed then the Northern bayonet,
And the field was lost and won.

O! for Orlando's horn to rally
His paladins on that sad shore,
"Rio Bravo"—Roncevalles—
Ye are names blent evermore.



AGRICULTURAL.

Agriculture in Mexico.

The Matamoras flag makes the following remarks on the growth of sugar cane on the banks of the Rio Grande, and the general neglect of the Agricultural advantages of the country by the people of Mexico.

"The sugar cane grown on the Rio Grande is said to yield more to the acre and to require much less labor in the cultivation than in the best sugar districts in Louisiana or Texas, and with proper culture would equal the produce of Cuba both in quantity and quality. The cane, after being planted, is left by the Mexicans to mature without any further attention being given to it, and from what we can learn little is grown anywhere on the river, although the whole country is a like productive. The same may be said in regard to cotton, which produces here equal to any part of the world. Yet with all the advantages the Mexicans possess in soil and climate, not a sufficiency of either of these articles is raised to supply the immediate wants of the inhabitants. The tobacco growth is monopolized by the government, and to themselves of an article which all could grow, they are reduced to the state of smuggling it into the country. Antiques are brought in this way; been the principal item of traffic between Western Texas and the Rio de Janeiro. Tobacco, cigars, which are from the logs, or cut, when Mexico has two or seventy-five towns in this tobacco is taken to any town on immediately on the river, it commands readily from twenty five to thirty dollars. And this, too, as we have before said, when an article equally as good can be grown all over the country. So with cotton, which is smuggled for consumption of the manufacturers, not a sufficiency being raised to supply the limited number in operation.

Extraordinary Experiment with Wheat.

The American Agricultural Association held its monthly meeting on Wednesday evening, Hon. Luther Bradish presided. R. L. Pell, Esq., of Pelham, detailed an

he cleared the tops from a potato field, burnt them, and returned the ashes, with the view of sowing wheat. The seed was prepared thus: soaked four hours in brine that would buoy up an egg; then scalded with boiling hot salt water mixed with pearl ashes, then through a sieve distributed thinly over the barn floor, and a dry compost sifted on it, composed of the following substances: oyster-shell lime, charcoal dust, ashes, brown sugar, salt, Peruvian guano, silicate of potash, nitrate of soda, and sulphate of ammonia. The sun was permitted to shine upon it for about half an hour, when the articles became, as it were, crystallized upon the grain. In this state it was sown at the rate of 2 1/2 bushels to the acre, directly on the potato ground, from which the tops had been removed, and plowed under to the depth of five inches. Harvested once, a bushel of timothy seed sown to the acre, and barrowed twice; at the expiration of 15 days, the wheat was so far above the ground as to be pronounced by a neighbor far in advance of his, which had been sown in the usual way on the 1st of September. 34 days earlier. A comparison made by Mr. P., containing 30 different chemical substances, was spread broadcast over the field before the wheat came up, at an expense not exceeding three dollars. The yield per acre was somewhere about seventy bushels.

The flour made from this wheat, which weighed nearly 65 lbs. to the bushel, received the first premium at the last Fair of the American Institute. The superiority of the flour was owing to the enormous amount of gluten it contained. Mr. P. rose Dr. D. P. Gardner's analysis of the flour, which showed that it contained 18 per cent of gluten after having been dried by an air pump over sulphuric acid. His manufacture was applied for the purpose of producing gluten—[N. Y. Commercial.]

Election for Major General.

8th Division, Ala. MIL.
By authority vested in me, by order of the Governor of the State of Alabama, I will, on Saturday the 25th day of November next, open and hold an Election, at the different election precincts, throughout the county of Benton, for the purpose of electing a Major General of the 8th Division, Alabama Militia, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Maj. Gen. McCamell.

W. J. WILLIS, Sheriff, Benton Co.
8th Oct. 1846.
The Ballots of each Election Precinct will please open and hold said election and make return to me at Jacksonville.

W. J. WILLIS, Sheriff.

Oct. 8th, 1846.

Election Notice

FOR CONGRESS.

BY authority vested in me, by order of the Governor of the State of Alabama, I will proceed to open and hold an Election at the different Precincts throughout the county of Benton, on Monday, the 9th day of November next, for the purpose of electing a member of Congress, for the 7th Congressional District, for the State of Alabama, to fill the Vacancy occasioned by the death of the Hon. Felix G. McCamell.

W. J. WILLIS, Sheriff of Benton County.
The Ballot of each Precinct is requested to open and hold said election, and make due return to me at Jacksonville.

W. J. WILLIS, Sheriff.

Semi Weekly Packet to

STEAMER COOSA.

THE Steamer Coosa will commence her trips on the first of October next, leaving Gadsden every Monday and Thursday at 12 o'clock, noon; and on her return trips, she will leave Rome every Wednesday and Saturday, at 4 o'clock, p. m., immediately after the arrival of the Stage from Kingston.

She will leave GREEN'S FERRY every Monday at 8 o'clock, a. m., and return every Sunday during the season.

The Coosa is now prepared to carry Cotton and other Freight at the following rates:

UP FREIGHT.		To CHARLOTTE.	
Cotton per bale weighing not more than 450 lbs.	\$25 00		\$3 25
do. over 450 lbs.	3 00		3 75

RETURN FREIGHTS.

On all kinds of Merchandise from Kingston to any point on the Coosa River per 100 lbs.

Every one Salt per Sack.	50 cts.
N. B.—The Freight and charges through from Charleston, are payable on delivery of the Goods at the Landings on the River.	

PASSAGE.

To or from Towns on or Rome.	\$3 00
do. do. do. do. do. do. do.	1 50

AGENTS.

S. T. COMBS, Rome.

D. C. TERRENTINE, Gadsden.

A. B. GREEN, Ten Islands.

State of Alabama,

DEKALA County.

THIS day, James Lamar, filed in the office of the Clerk of said County Court an instrument of writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Solomon C. Smith, dec'd. for probate, &c.

It is therefore ordered by the court, that publication be made once a week for forty days in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper printed in the town of Jacksonville, in said State, notifying all persons in anywise interested in said decedent's estate, to be and appear at the Clerk's Office of said County Court on the third Monday in November next, to show cause, if any why said instrument of writing shall not be recorded as the last will and testament of the said Solomon C. Smith, dec'd.

Teste: A. W. MAJORS, Clk.

Oct. 14, 1846.

Rodney Steam-Ferry.

THE undersigned proprietor of the STEAM FERRY across the Mississippi River at Rodney, respectfully informs the public and Travellers and Emigrants to Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas, that he has thoroughly repaired and put in the very best of order the Steam Ferry Boat at Rodney, which is now in operation, and shall be always ready at any moment for the accommodation of the public. Travellers going West can rely upon being crossed at Rodney without any delay whatever, and with as much safety and speed as at any other Ferry on the river, as the Boat is not inferior to any other, and no pains will be spared to accommodate all persons who cross at this Ferry. There is certainly no doubt but that the route westward by way of Rodney is as short and as good as any other route that can be travelled. Provisions, corn &c. to be had in abundance at this place to suit the wants of Travellers.

The proprietor is responsible for all damages in crossing the river that may occur from a want of attention. Great attention paid to crossing stocks of all kinds.—Prices moderate and to suit the times.

HENRY S. CAULKING, Prop.

Rodney, Miss. Oct. 10, 1846.

Q. The "Southern" and "Jacksonville (Ala.) Republican," will please copy two months and forward their accounts to this place for payment.

WE have just received a fresh supply

of Fall and Winter

GOODS.

We wish to sell them, and will offer inducements to all who wish Goods to buy of us.

Call and examine for yourselves.

HUDS N. TERRY & WYLY.

Oct. 21, 1846—41.

LOOK OUT NOW.

COTTON is pretty good, and brings a fair price; all who owe me, of long standing, will do well to have their Cotton in market soon—get a good price for it, and "fork it over" and stop interest and cost.

The money must come now. I do not promise to wait longer than Christmas for it; and would like very much to have it sooner.—by Court if possible.

S. P. HUDSON.

Oct. 21, 1846.—41.

FALL & WINTER

GOODS.

We are now receiving a well selected and fashionable assortment of

MERCHANDISE.

Consisting of every article usually kept in this market, which we offer for sale on the most reasonable terms. Our customers and the public generally are invited to call and examine.

N. B. Botting Cloths of superior quality from No. 5 to 10.

J. FORNEY & SON.

Oct. 7, 1846.

The State of Alabama,

St. Clair County.

ORPHANS' COURT, REGULAR

TERM, 1st Monday in October

A. D. 1846.

BE it remembered, that on this the 5th day of October 1846, Joice Newton administratrix, and Thomas B. Newton administrator of all and singular, the goods and chattels, rights and credits, of John Newton, late of said County deceased; came into open court, and presented their accounts, and vouchers, as administratrix and administrator aforesaid, for final settlement, and prays that the same may be taken, received, and credited, examined, audited and stated, and allowed as the law directs.

And the Court having examined, audited and stated, the said account of the said Joice Newton administratrix and Thomas B. Newton administrator as aforesaid, presented to the said Court, for allowance, when and where, all persons interested in the final settlement of said administration, are requested to appear, and make exceptions or objections, if they think proper.

(A true copy from the minutes)

ATTEST: ROSS PHILLIPS, Clerk of the County Court.

Oct. 21, 1846—4sq—41—\$10.

Randolph Sheriff Sale.

WILL be sold at the court house door in the Town of Wedowee, on the first Monday in November next, the following land, to wit: the undivided half of forty acres adjoining John H. Vance and others, where Cyrus H. Carter now resides, in Township 24, Range 13, East—levied on as the property of Cyrus Carter, to satisfy one \$1.00 issued from the Circuit Court of Randolph.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court, this 14th day of October, 1846.

W. W. WOODWARD, Sheriff.

Oct. 14, 1846.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,

St. Clair County.

ORPHANS' COURT, IN VACATION.

7th day of October, A. D. 1846.

BE it remembered, that on this, the 7th day of October 1846, John Chennault, who was the administrator De has non of all and singular, the goods and chattels, rights and credits, of John R. Allen, late of said County deceased; came into open court, and presented his account and vouchers, as administrator as aforesaid, for final settlement, and prays, that the same may be taken, received, and credited, examined, audited and stated, and allowed as the law directs. And the Court having examined, audited, and stated, the said account of the said John Chennault, who was administrator as aforesaid.

It is therefore, ordered by the court, that the said account of the said John Chennault, who was administrator as aforesaid, be and the same is hereby reported for allowance at a Regular Term of the Orphans' Court, to be held at the Court House of said County on the FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER NEXT.

It is further ordered by the court, that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, a public newspaper printed in the town of Jacksonville, for forty days previous to said first Monday in December next, notifying all persons interested that at said Term, of said court, it is the intention of said John Chennault, who was the administrator as aforesaid, to have his said account so stated as aforesaid presented to the said court, allowance, when and where, all persons interested in the final settlement of said administration, are requested to appear and make exceptions or objections, if they think proper.

(A true copy from the minutes)

ATTEST: ROSS PHILLIPS, Clerk of the County Court.

Oct. 21, 1846—4sq—41—\$14.

NEW FOR IT!!

BEING satisfied, we can make nothing by selling Goods at present, we are determined to benefit those of our friends, who wish to buy, by throwing our profits into their hands. We now offer our

Goods for Cash,

or on short time to PUNCTUAL customers as Cheap if not CHEAPER than any CASH or CREDIT HOUSE in this place. Give us a call, and we promise the

Best of BARGAINS.

We wish to sell off our Stock, and close up the old SCORES.

A liberal price will be given for Cotton in Discount.

YOUNG & NISBET.

Jacksonville, Ala.

Sept. 23, 1846.—41.

FIRE-PROOF

WARE HOUSES.

THE undersigned informs his customers and the public, that he will continue the Ware House and Commission Business, in the extensive Fire-Proof Ware House, on the corner of Washington and Reynolds streets.

He will, as heretofore, give his personal attention to the Storage and Sale of Cotton, and other kinds of country produce; and to the purchase of Family supplies, Bagging, &c.—and pledges himself to use every exertion to promote the interest of those who may entrust their business to his charge.

He is prepared to make liberal advances, when required on Produce in store.

His charges will be in conformity with those of other regular factors of this city.

M. P. STOVALL.

NOTICE.

THERE will be sold at the Court House door, in the town of Wedowee, Randolph County Ala., on the first Monday in November next, the following property, to wit: two negroes; one boy 12 years old, and also one girl about 18 years of age, levied on as the property of Malcom M. Culbreath, to satisfy two \$1.00 in my hands in favor of T. & W. Douthards, and against Malcom M. Culbreath, and Elizabeth Culbreath.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court, this 14th day of October, 1846.

GIDEON SMITH, Const.

Sept. 30, 1846.

G. S. & J. B. WALDEN,

Attorneys at Law,

and

Solicitors in Chancery.

Address, Geo. S. WALDEN,

Centre, Cherokee Co.

or, JOHN B. WALDEN,

Lebanon, De Kalb Co.,

Aug. 25, 1846 Ala.

J. W. GUINN,

Attorney at Law & Solicitor in Chancery.

WEDOWEE, ALA.

WILL attend to all business entrusted to his care in the Courts of Benton County, and all the Courts of the 9th Judicial Circuit, except the County Court of Randolph.

August 12, 18 6.—41.

FRANKLIN W. BOWDON,

Attorney at Law, & Solicitor in Chancery.

(TALLADEGA, ALA.)

WILL attend to all business entrusted to his care in the Courts of Shelby, St. Clair, Benton, Randolph, Chambers, Talladega, Coosa, and Talladega; and in the

West of the Court House.

HOKE & ABERNATHY

ARE just receiving, at their Store in Jacksonville, a large stock of

Fall & Winter

GOODS.

Comprising a choice selection of the newest styles of FANCY and most approved makes of STAPLE GOODS; bought unusually low and offered at a moderate advance; among which are the handsomest and latest patterns of Cashmeres, Mouslin de Lanes, Cashmere Robes, Plaid Cloths, Twilled Gingham, Winter Prints and Calicoes; silk and cotton warp Alpaca; heavy winter Plaid for children; hair, grass and Ballon Skirts; silk and bullion Fringes; black and colored trimming buttons; a great variety of Shawls, Scarfs, Bags, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Flowers, Steel Beads and Clasps, side and neck Combs, dressing do.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, KERSEYS, TWEEDS, KENTUCKY JEANS, REAL MACKINAC & WHITNEY BLANKETS,

heavy and fine,

MACKINAC CLOTH for Avercools.

Hardware and Cutlery,

Hats & Bonnets,

Boots and Shoes,

Drugs, Medicines and Paints;

Saddles and Saddlebags;

Coach Trimmings;

Wire Cloth and Hoop wire;

Fancy Chairs from \$5 to \$18.

BAGGING and ROPE.

German, Blister and Cast Steel;

Refined Leaf Sugar, Fresh Gun-powder and Young Hyson Teas, Coffee, Sugar,

Molasses, Cider Vinegar, Glass & Crockery ware, and in short every article that is usually called for.

They take this opportunity of tendering their acknowledgments for past favors and a long continuance of their punctual customers with an accession of good new ones. Liberal payments on debts due us will be acceptably received.

Oct. 14, 1846.

WOODWARD & PORTER

RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of their friends and patrons to their NEW

Stock of

Fall & Winter

GOODS,

Which they are now receiving; and which they mean to sell CHEAP for CASH, or on time to punctual dealers.

Oct. 11, 1846.—51.

WOODWARD & PORTER.

HAVE just received and will continue to keep on hand a good supply of

Bagging Rope & Twine,

which they offer on first rate terms.

Oct. 11, 1846.—51.

MORE EXCITEMENT AT THE

DE "ARCADE,"

in Jacksonville.

A new supply of luxuries, fine Cognac brandy, common too; Holland gin and common too; Monongahely whiskey, Tennessee and common too; rum; Madras Champagne, Port, Claret, and Sauternes; Porter, cordials, syrups, liquors &c. &c. barrel, lard, butter, suet, and all the necessities of life, at the lowest prices.

Our prices are so low, that we are enabled to give our customers a great variety of goods, and to keep them constantly supplied with the latest and most fashionable articles. We are in opposition to no one. We just "go it" boots, shoes or no shoes, dust or no dust."

The fact is we have already poured out "bags" of accommodation, and are still full of it, and anxious to pour it out to you, provided, yet, nevertheless, &c., you pay us the very Cash itself.—Yes the cash will interest Col. Donsey—Queen Victoria if she were single, would not be coming to us if she asked for credit.

We don't "tip" the "tag end of a jumpy cake" for labor and but little for the expense. We intend to keep every thing neat, clean, sweet, lively, decent and agreeable: for as we partly said before we are the "hop light, ladies walk over double trouble Charlie on the spot, come quick, go ahead, push along, keep moving, never tire, (though civil) sort. We sweep behind as well as before the counter—Cool water at all times—Good drinks 5 cents, fine drinks 10 cents, extra charges for Astor House extras—Call and see us—make yourselves at home, act decently and be interesting.

Oct. 14, 1846.

State of Alabama,

Benton County.

Orphans' Court, October 10th, 1846.

CAME Richard A. Ingram, Guardian of Rebecca Ingram, and filed his accounts and vouchers, as guardian aforesaid, and praying an order for final settlement.

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that the first Friday in December next be set for auditing and determining upon said accounts and vouchers and for making final settlement, and that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, for at least thirty days previous to said day, by advertisement for three consecutive weeks, that all persons concerned in adverse interest may appear at that time, and contest said settlement if they think proper. It was further ordered by the Court, that Thomas Ingram be appointed guardian ad litem of Samuel Ingram and Mary Ingram, and Martha Ingram, widow of John Ingram, Guardian ad litem of the minor heirs of John B. Ingram, dec'd.

M. M. HOUSTON, Clk.

Oct. 14, 1846.

Blanks for Clerks of the different Courts, Magistrates, and Bailiffs, for sale at this Office

TO THE PEOPLE.

THE session of Congress, which is about to terminate, will be long and gratefully remembered by all true republicans for the important success of many of their cherished principles and measures. While we heartily rejoice at the triumph of the principles which it has been our constant effort to advocate and defend, and from which no prosperity, no adversity, can sever us, we cannot be unmindful of the anxiety in which we are placed by a recent vote of both houses of Congress—where allude to the contemplated withdrawal of their patronage from the newspaper press. To this decision we cheerfully bow, sensible as we are of the patriotic motives which have led to it. But we trust that this decision of Congress increases rather than diminishes our claim to the support of a higher power—that of the people; and to them we confidently appeal for aid, by their patronage, in sustaining at the seat of government a journal that is inflexibly devoted to their interests and the true interests of the